

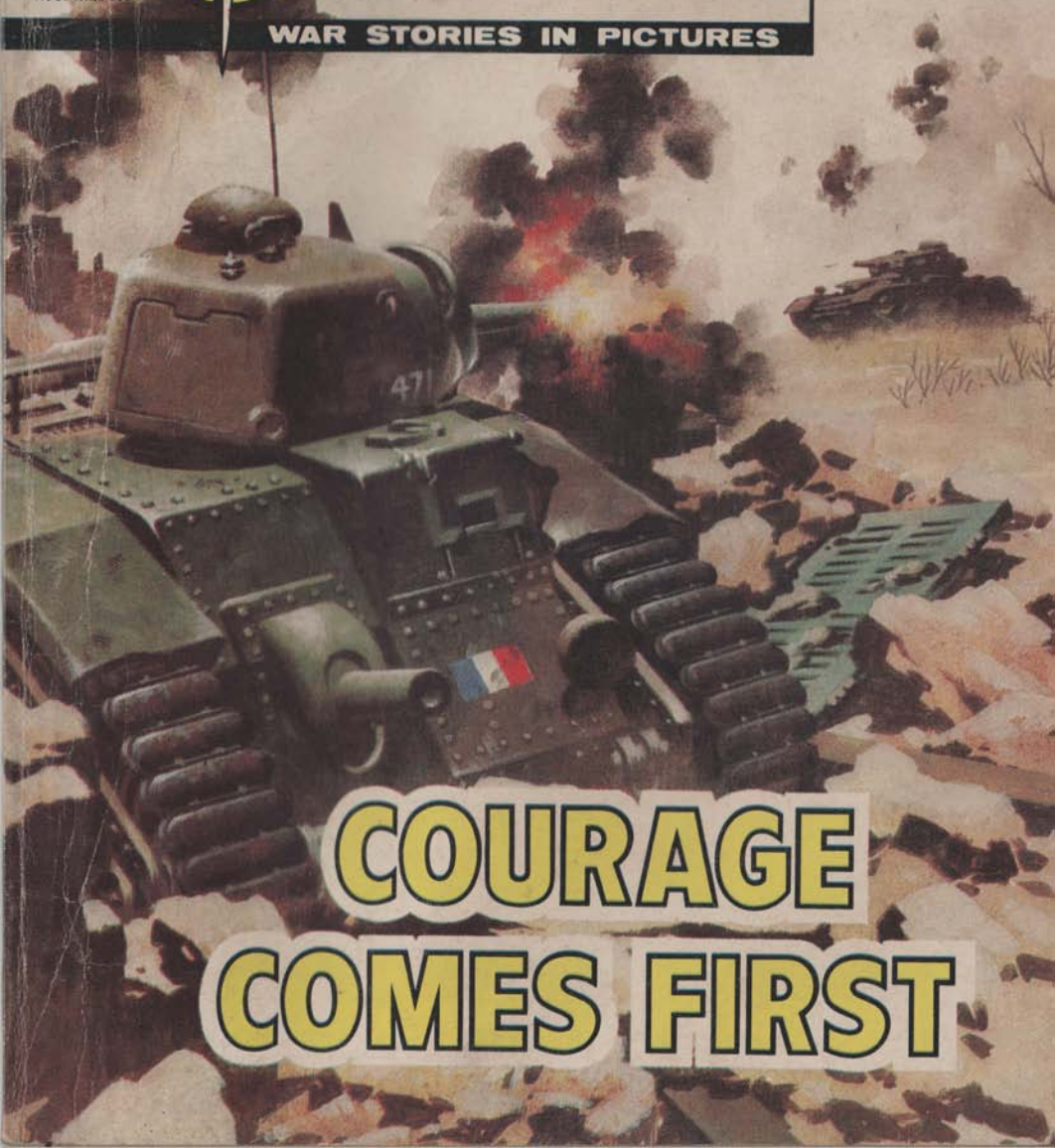
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# Commando

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES

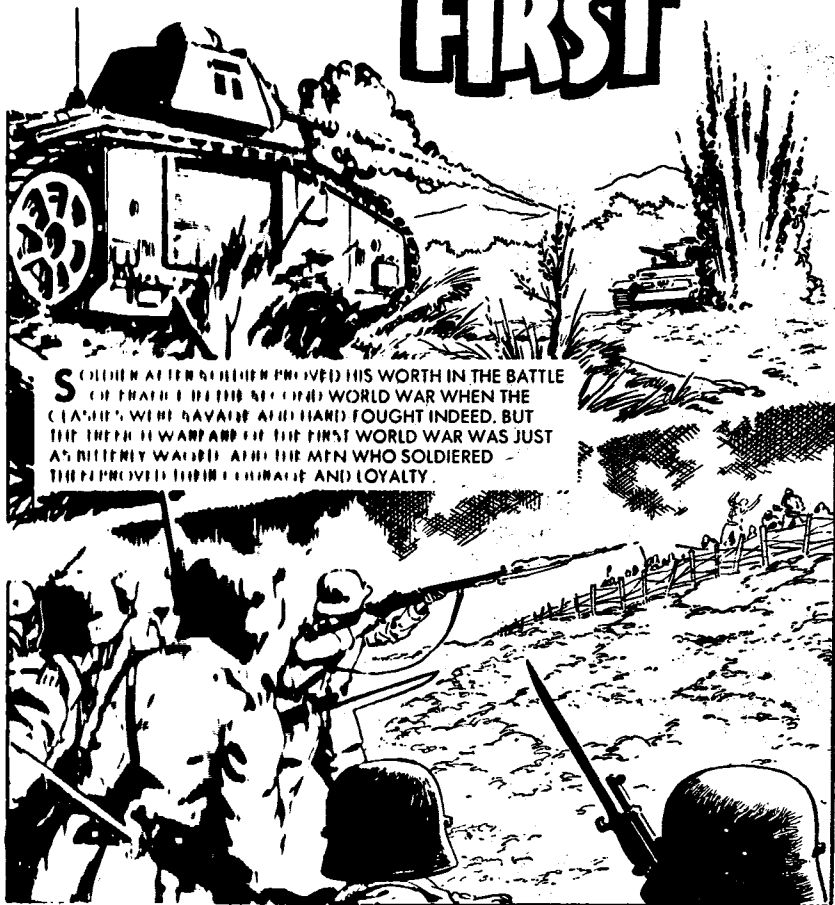


**COURAGE  
COMES FIRST**



Stars of Speedway — George Hunter

# COURAGE COMES FIRST



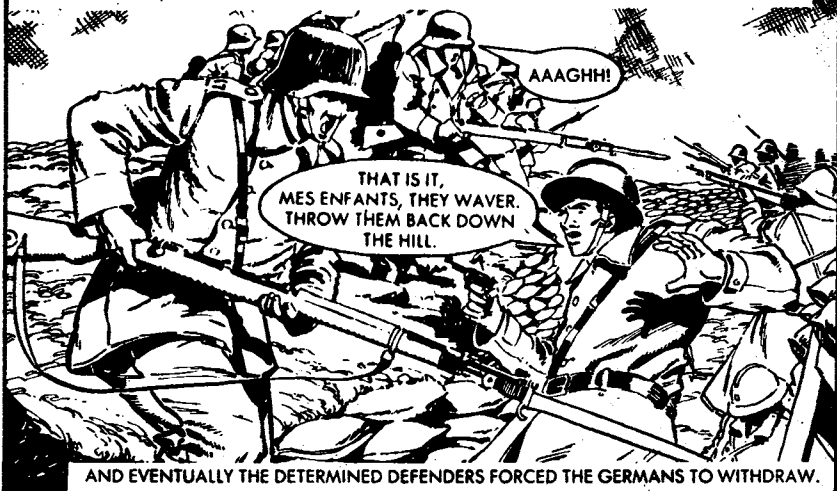
**S**OLDIER AFTER SOLDIER PROVED HIS WORTH IN THE BATTLE OF FRATHE IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR WHEN THE CLASHES WERE SAVAGE AND HARD FOUGHT INDEED. BUT THE TRENCH WAR AND OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR WAS JUST AS BITTERLY WAGED AND THE MEN WHO SOLDIERED THERE PROVED THEIR COURAGE AND LOYALTY.

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SUCH A MAN WAS LIEUTENANT JACQUES GUYARD OF THE FRENCH ARMY. THE POSITION HE AND HIS SOLDIERS DEFENDED IN 1916 WAS OF GREAT STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE, AND THEY WERE DETERMINED TO HOLD OFF THE GERMANS' THRUST AT ANY COST.



DESPITE THE INTENSE SHELLING AND FRENCH FIRE, THE ATTACKING GERMANS REACHED THE TOP OF THE HILL, AND A FIERCE STRUGGLE ENSUED.



AND EVENTUALLY THE DETERMINED DEFENDERS FORCED THE GERMANS TO WITHDRAW.

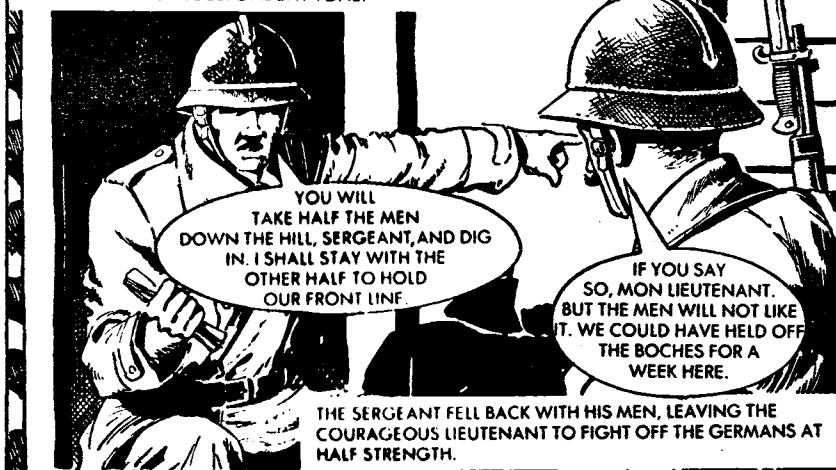
SEVERAL MORE ATTACKS FOLLOWED, BUT EACH TIME THE GERMAN THRUST WAS BLUNTED.



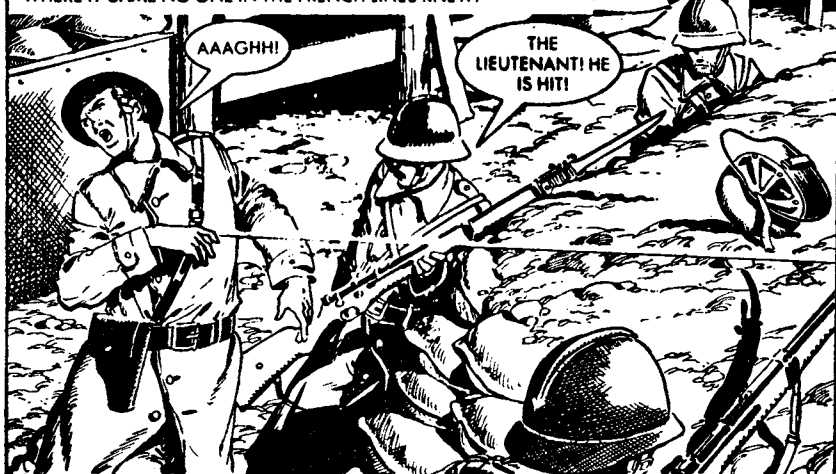
THEN SUDDENLY, DURING A LULL IN THE GERMAN ONSLAUGHT, CAME THE ORDER TO RETREAT FROM THE HILL. GUYARD COULD ONLY STARE IN DISBELIEF AT THE PIECE OF PAPER IN HIS HAND.



DESPITE HIS PUZZLEMENT AND DISAGREEMENT, GUYARD WAS AN OFFICER TO WHOM ORDERS WERE ORDERS. BUT HE ISSUED THEM IN A DESPONDENT TONE.



THEN THINGS BEGAN TO GO WRONG FOR THE BRAVE DEFENDERS. FIRST, A SNIPER'S BULLET FOUND LIEUTENANT GUYARD. FROM WHERE IT CAME NO ONE IN THE FRENCH LINES KNEW.



AT THE VERY MOMENT THE LIEUTENANT FELL, THE GERMANS LAUNCHED THEIR MOST DETERMINED ATTACK YET. AND WITH CONFUSION SPREADING IN THE FRENCH RANKS, THE ADVANCING TROOPS MET LITTLE RESISTANCE.



MISUNDERSTANDING FOLLOWED IN THE FRENCH LINES. THE REMAINING MEN SAW THE WOUNDED LIEUTENANT GUYARD BEING CARRIED AWAY AND SOME OF THEM WRONGFULLY ASSUMED THAT THIS WAS A SIGNAL TO WITHDRAW.



THE ONCE ORGANISED FRENCH TROOPS WERE NOW A PANIC-STRICKEN MASS, FLEEING FROM THEIR TRENCH. THE LIEUTENANT REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS AMIDST THIS SORRY SIGHT.

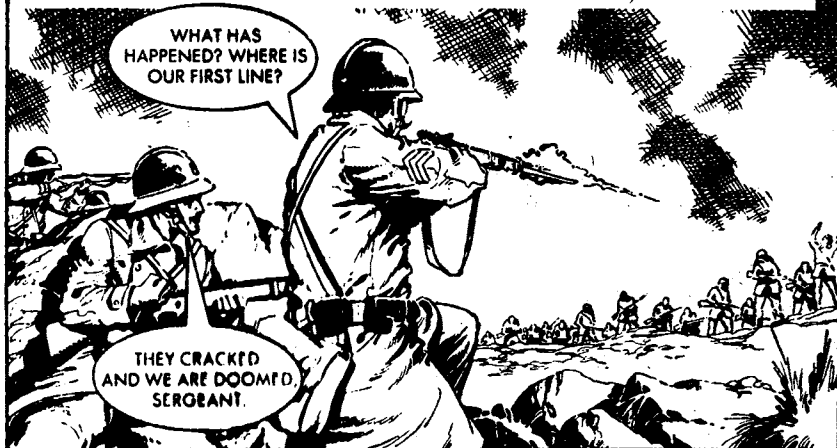


HE TRIED IN VAIN TO HALT THE CONFUSED RETREAT.





GUYARD COLLAPSED, UNCONSCIOUS AGAIN, AND AS HE FEARED, THE GERMAN ASSAULT FELL ON THE FRENCH SECOND LINE, CATCHING THEM OFF BALANCE BEFORE THEY COULD DIG IN. AND SERGEANT DELANT AND HIS WEARY SOLDIERS DID NOT KNOW THAT THEY WERE NOT ONLY KILLING GERMANS — BUT ALSO THE FEW FRONT LINE SURVIVORS.



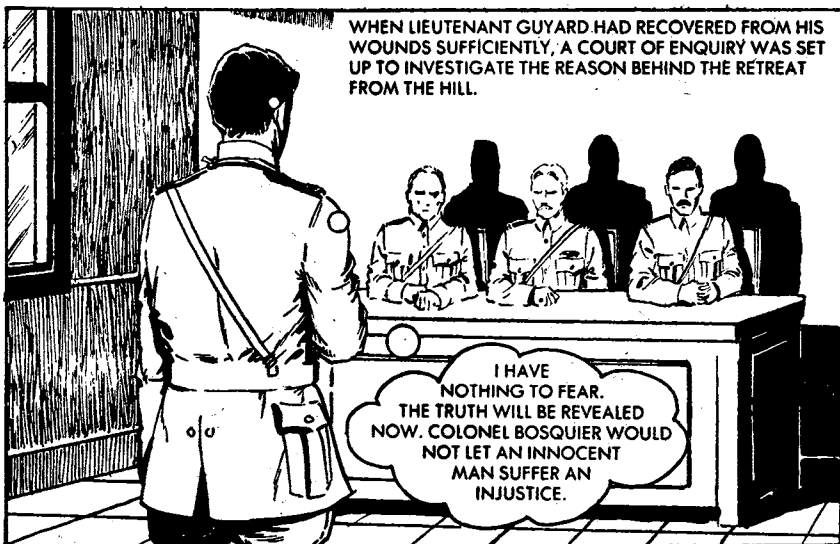
SERGEANT DELANT FELL DYING, STILL NOT KNOWING THE CAUSE OF THE PANIC-STRIKEN RETREAT.



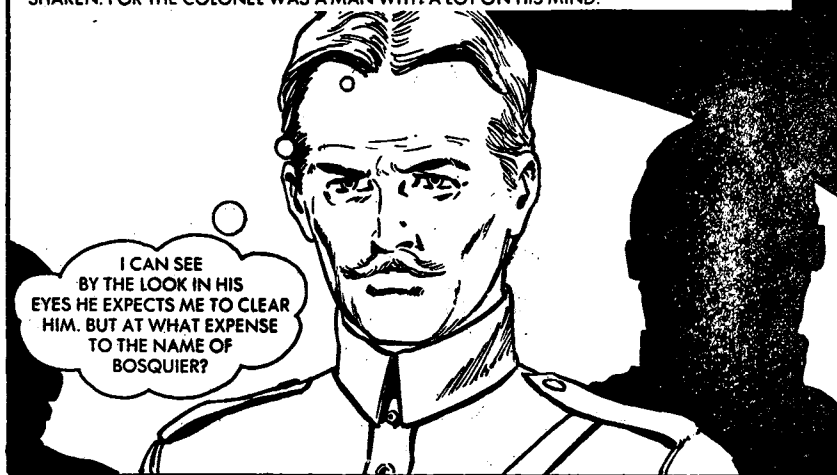
IT HAD INDEED BEEN A SAD DAY FOR THE FRENCH ARMY. THE FIGHT FOR THE HILL WOULD BE REMEMBERED AS A BLEMISH AT AN OTHERWISE SUCCESSFUL PERIOD.



AND FATE HAD DECIDED THAT LIEUTENANT JACQUES GUYARD WOULD BE ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS FROM THE BATTLE. HE HAD COME TO AFTER THE FIGHTING WAS OVER AND STAGGERED TO THE NEW FRENCH LINES.



THE NOTE TO RETREAT HAD COME FROM BOSQUIER, BUT HAD JACQUES GUYARD BEEN ABLE TO READ HIS THOUGHTS, HIS CONFIDENCE IN JUSTICE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SEVERELY SHAKEN. FOR THE COLONEL WAS A MAN WITH A LOT ON HIS MIND.



THE COLONEL HAD ORDERED THE RETREAT IN A MOMENT OF PANIC. HE HAD NO IDEA OF THE STRENGTH OF THE FRENCH DEFENCES, AND RATHER THAN RISK THE LOSS OF LIEUTENANT GUYARD AND HIS MEN, BOSQUIER HAD DECIDED TO PULL BACK THE TROOPS TO A SAFE POSITION.

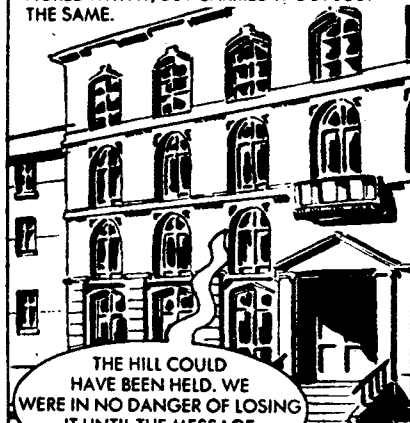


IT WAS ALLEGED THAT LIEUTENANT GUYARD HAD DESERTED HIS POST, THUS BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LOSS OF THE HILL— AND MANY OF HIS MEN.

A GRAVE CHARGE, LIEUTENANT GUYARD, AND YOU DENY IT. BUT THE COURT WILL ARRIVE AT THE TRUTH.

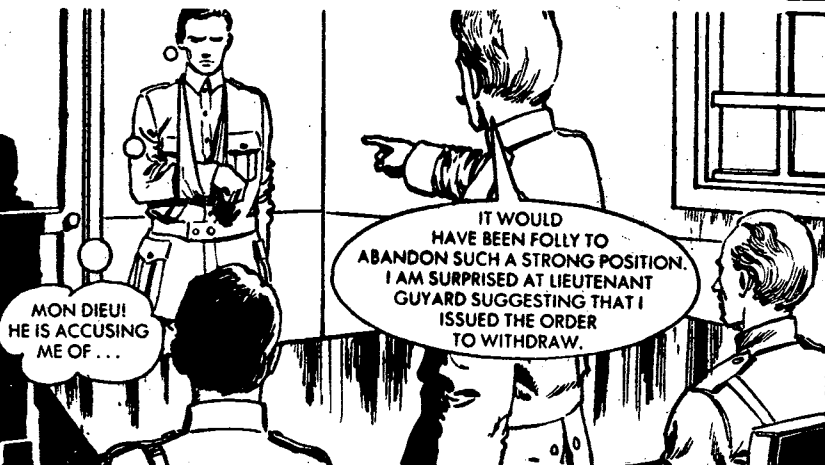


THEN LIEUTENANT GUYARD TOLD OF THE ORDER HE HAD RECEIVED. HOW HE DID NOT AGREE WITH IT, BUT CARRIED IT OUT JUST THE SAME.



THE HILL COULD HAVE BEEN HELD. WE WERE IN NO DANGER OF LOSING IT UNTIL THE MESSAGE CAME TO FALL BACK.

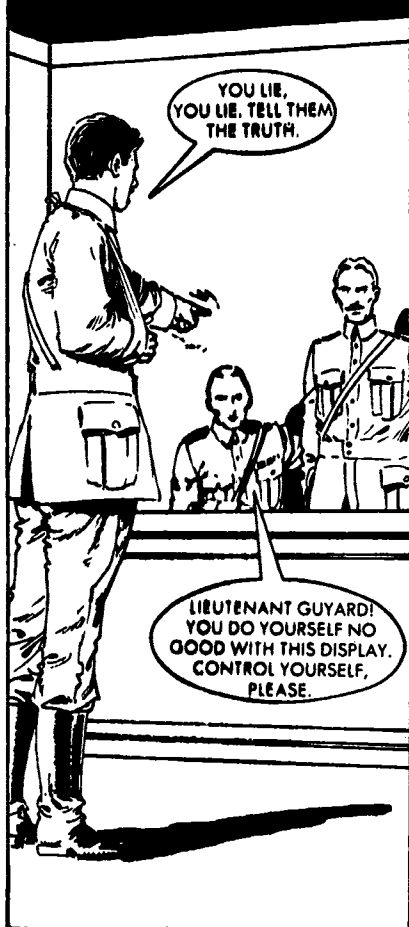
BUT COLONEL BOSQUIER FLATLY DENIED HAVING SENT SUCH A MESSAGE. HE WAS PREPARED TO GO TO ANY LENGTHS TO DEFEND HIS FAMILY NAME. AND WHEN HE FINALLY POINTED AN ACCUSING FINGER AT GUYARD THE LATTER STOOD, COMPLETELY SHOCKED.



MON DIEU! HE IS ACCUSING ME OF ...

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FOLLY TO ABANDON SUCH A STRONG POSITION. I AM SURPRISED AT LIEUTENANT GUYARD SUGGESTING THAT I ISSUED THE ORDER TO WITHDRAW.

IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR JACQUES GUYARD TO BEAR IN SILENCE. HE SHOUTED IN PROTEST, AND ALTHOUGH THE COLONEL REMAINED OUTWARDLY UNRUFFLED, INWARDLY HE KNEW HE HAD TOLD A BARE-FACED LIE AND HATED HIMSELF FOR IT.



THERE WERE NO OTHER SURVIVORS FROM THAT DAY WHO COULD HAVE TESTIFIED TO THE TRUTH OF GUYARD'S ALLEGATION. IT WAS A MATTER OF A COLONEL'S WORD AGAINST THAT OF A LIEUTENANT. AND IN VIEW THIS FACT THERE WAS ONLY ONE DECISION WHICH THE COURT COULD ARRIVE AT.



BEFORE THE COURT DECIDED ON GUYARD'S PUNISHMENT, COLONEL BOSQUIER MADE KNOWN THE FACT THAT THE LIEUTENANT HAD BEEN AN EXCELLENT SOLDIER. IT WAS ONLY THE TRUTH BUT IT WOULD CERTAINLY SAVE HIM FROM THE DEATH PENALTY.

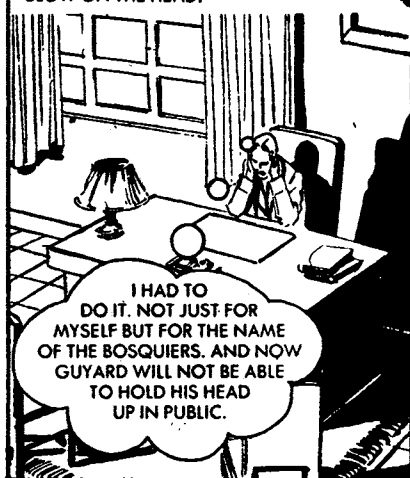
BUT HE DID NOT FEEL ANY GRATITUDE TOWARDS BOSQUIER. THE LIEUTENANT HAD BEEN DISCHARGED WITH DISGRACE FROM THE ARMY AND AS THEY LEFT THE COURT HE TOLD THE COLONEL JUST WHAT HE THOUGHT OF HIM.



YOU LIED IN THERE AND RUINED MY NAME. BUT YOU WILL PAY FOR IT, BOSQUIER! YOUR KIND ARE A DISGRACE TO FRANCE!

LIEUTENANT GUYARD, YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT, HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THE COLONEL, YOU WOULD HAVE FACED THE FIRING SQUAD.

BUT ONCE ALONE, THE FULL MEASURE OF WHAT HE HAD DONE HIT BOSQUIER LIKE A BLOW ON THE HEAD.

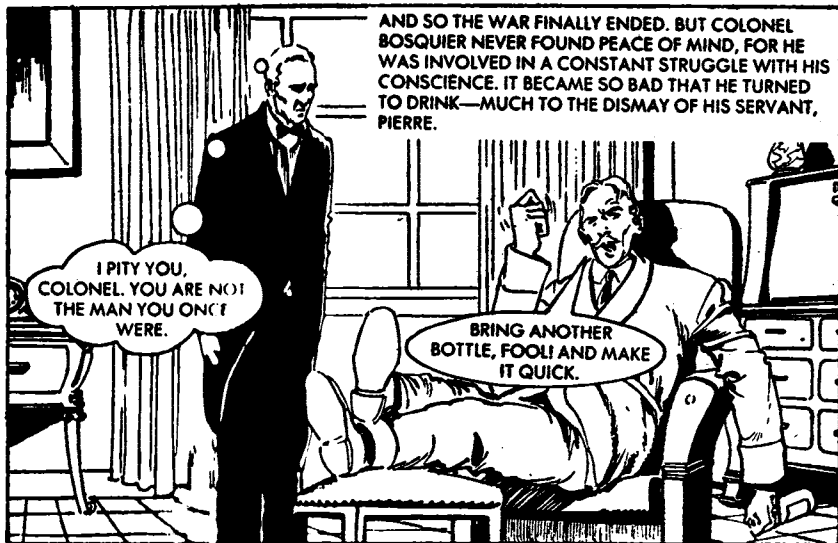


I HAD TO DO IT. NOT JUST FOR MYSELF BUT FOR THE NAME OF THE BOSQUIERS. AND NOW GUYARD WILL NOT BE ABLE TO HOLD HIS HEAD UP IN PUBLIC.

IN FACT, JACQUES WAS RARELY SEEN IN PUBLIC AFTER BEING DISCHARGED. AND HE HAD BUILT UP AN INTENSE HATRED FOR THE NAME OF BOSQUIER.



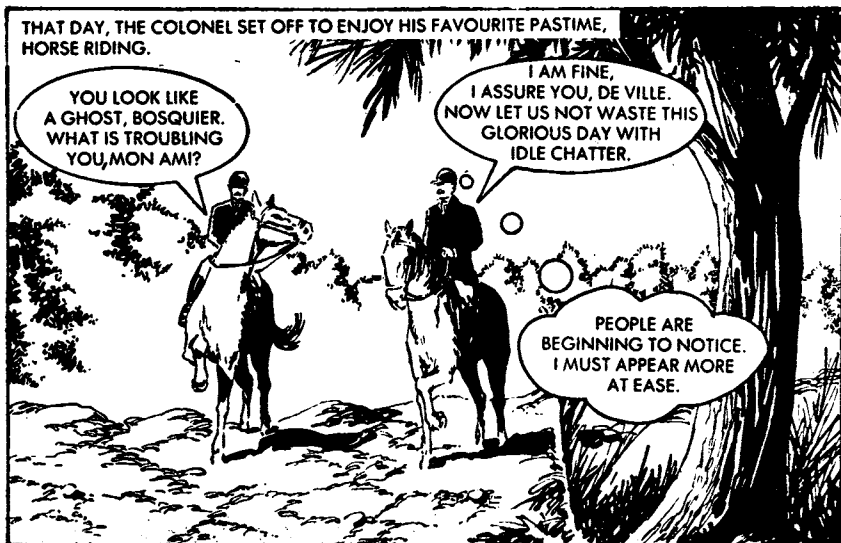
THE GUYARD FAMILY WILL NEVER BE GREAT AGAIN. BUT THEY WILL ALWAYS DESPISE A BOSQUIER.



BUT WRITING THE TRUTH DID LITTLE TO APPEASE HIS FEELING OF GUILT. DESPITE THE BRILLIANT SUNSHINE HE STILL FELT EXTREMELY ANXIOUS.



THAT DAY, THE COLONEL SET OFF TO ENJOY HIS FAVOURITE PASTIME, HORSE RIDING.





IN AN ATTEMPT TO FORGET HIS BURDEN OF GUILT, HE TOOK AN ENORMOUS RISK. HE RACED TOWARDS A SIX FOOT HEDGE, PAYING NO HEED TO HIS FRIEND'S SHOUTS OF PROTEST.

NO, BOSQUIER!  
YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY  
MAKE THAT JUMP!

BUT YOU  
ARE WRONG, DE  
VILLE ...

BUT DE VILLE  
WAS NOT WRONG. FOR  
AT THE LAST MOMENT  
THE HORSE STOPPED AND SHIED  
THE COLONEL FROM ITS BACK.

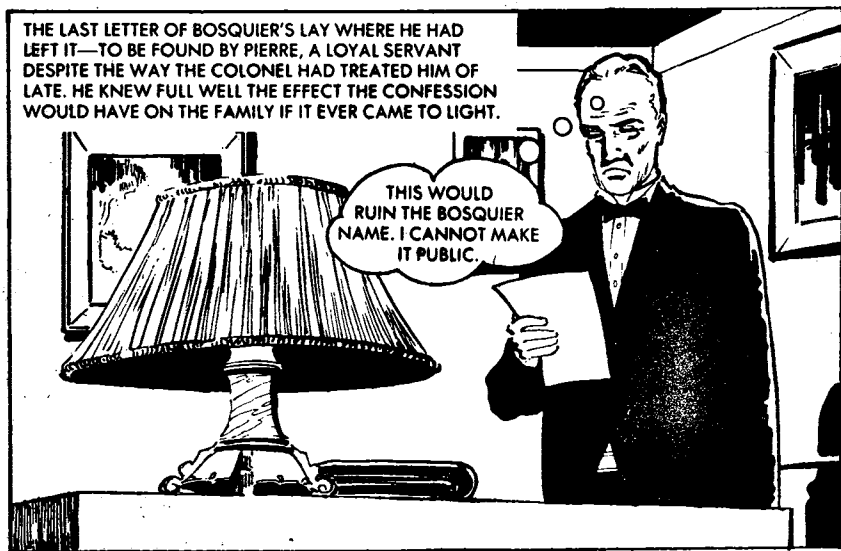
NO—NO  
... AAARGHH!



BOSQUIER FELL BADLY, AND DE VILLE FOUND TO HIS HORROR THAT HE HAD BROKEN HIS NECK. SO AT LAST THE COLONEL HAD FOUND THE PEACE HE SO DESPERATELY CRAVED.



THE LAST LETTER OF BOSQUIER'S LAY WHERE HE HAD LEFT IT—TO BE FOUND BY PIERRE, A LOYAL SERVANT DESPITE THE WAY THE COLONEL HAD TREATED HIM OF LATE. HE KNEW FULL WELL THE EFFECT THE CONFESSION WOULD HAVE ON THE FAMILY IF IT EVER CAME TO LIGHT.



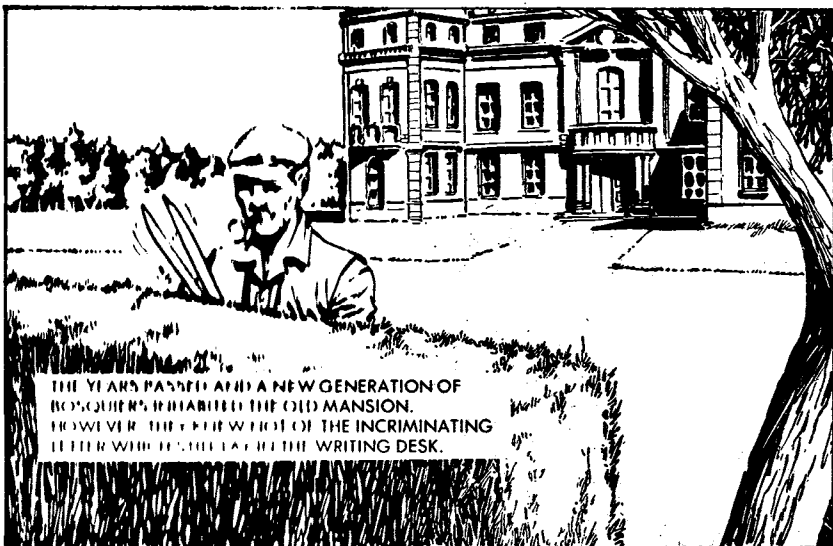
BUT THE SERVANT COULD NOT BRING HIMSELF TO DESTROY THE LETTER. HE DECIDED TO LOCK IT SAFELY AWAY IN A SECRET DRAWER IN THE WRITING DESK.



HOWEVER, THE FAITHFUL OLD SERVANT NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK OF HIS MASTER'S DEATH. AND A FEW WEEKS LATER HE HIMSELF DIED.



A SMALL UNOBTUSIVE GRAVESTONE MARKED HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE.

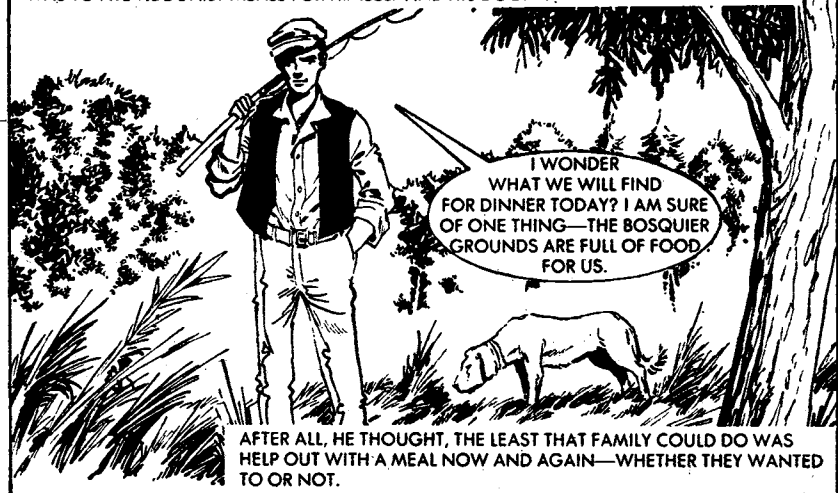


THE YEARS PASSED AND A NEW GENERATION OF ROSQUIERS INHABITED THE OLD MANSION. HOWEVER, THEY KNEW NOTHING OF THE INCRIMINATING LETTER WHICH HAD LAY IN THE WRITING DESK.

BUT THE GUYARD FAMILY HAD NOT FARED WELL SINCE THE END OF THE WAR. THEY HAD LOST LAND AND HOME AND FINALLY TOOK TO THE GIPSY LIFE. THE LATEST IN LINE, ANTON GUYARD, COULD NOT HAVE ASKED FOR A STYLE OF LIVING THAT SUITED HIM SO WELL.



HE WAS FREE AND HAPPY AND HAD NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD. HIS ONLY RESPONSIBILITY WAS TO PROVIDE DAILY MEALS FOR HIMSELF AND HIS DOG.



THE BOSQUIER FAMILY HAD RETAINED MUCH OF THEIR PREVIOUS WEALTH OVER THE YEARS. HENRI, THE COLONEL'S NEPHEW, WAS A SCIENTIST OF NOTE. AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, PAUL, HAD A NOTION OF FOLLOWING THEIR MILITARY TRADITION.



HENRI BOSQUIER WAS CONSIDERED A BRILLIANT MAN. HIS LATEST PROJECT WAS THE BUILDING OF A ROCKET AND SO FAR IT WAS PROVING TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

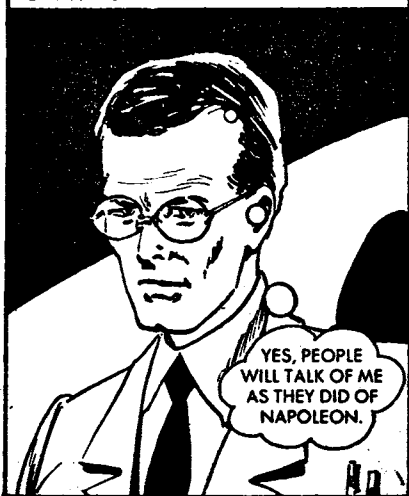
SOME DAY  
FRANCE WILL BE ARMED  
WITH THOUSANDS OF THESE  
ROCKETS, AND WHEN THAT DAY  
COMES I WILL BE HAILED  
AS A HERO.



HE FIRMLY BELIEVED THAT HIS ROCKET  
WOULD MAKE HIM FAMOUS, AND HE COULD  
ONLY FORESEE YEARS OF TRIUMPH AND  
GLORY LYING AHEAD.



HENRI BOSQUIER CERTAINLY HELD A GOOD  
OPINION OF HIMSELF.



BUT ALL HENRI'S DREAMS WERE SHATTERED WHEN, A FEW WEEKS LATER, HE PUT FORWARD  
HIS THEORIES TO A SCIENTIFIC COMMITTEE  
AND WAS GREETED WITH LAUGHTER.



AND HE STORMED OUT OF THE BUILDING, HIS  
PRIDE SEVERELY DENTED.

HOWEVER, ONE MAN WAS NOT AMUSED. THAT MAN WAS CARL BLUCHER, A NAZI AGENT. HE HAD BEEN WORKING ON SIMILAR LINES TO HENRI, UNDER THE GUISE OF A FRENCH SCIENTIST, REYNARD BLOCH. NOW, AFTER HEARING THE THEORIES, HE FELT THAT THE SCIENTIST COULD BE OF USE TO THE THIRD REICH.



THE NAZI LATER MET HENRI IN A RESTAURANT, AND UNDER THE PRETENCE OF FEELING SYMPATHETIC HE BECAME FRIENDLY WITH THE FRENCHMAN.



THEY RETURNED TO THE BOSQUIER HOUSE AFTER BLUCHER HAD OFFERED TO HELP HENRI IN COMPLETING THE ROCKET. AND THE FRENCHMAN HAD REGAINED ALL HIS OLD CONFIDENCE.



CARL BLUCHER HAD ACHIEVED PART ONE OF HIS MISSION. WHEN HE REPORTED TO HIS SUPERIORS THEY WERE WELL PLEASED.





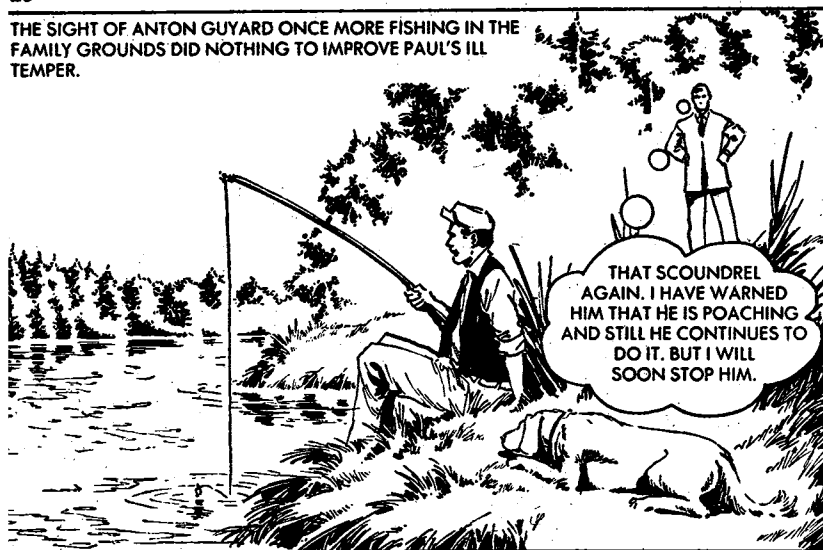
THE NEXT DAY THE NAZI AGENT ARRIVED WITH THE ENSURANCE OF THEIR PARTNERSHIP, AND THE ANSWER TO HENRI'S PROBLEMS—MONEY.



MEANWHILE, THE YOUNG BOSQUIER WAS UNAWARE OF HIS BROTHER'S TOTAL INVOLVEMENT WITH CARL BLUCHER. ALL HE KNEW WAS THAT A SCIENTIST NAMED REYNARD BLOCH WAS PAYING FREQUENT VISITS, AND PAUL WAS TOO INTERESTED IN HIS PAINTING AND DREAMS OF A GLORIOUS FUTURE IN THE ARMY TO SUSPECT ANYTHING.



THE SIGHT OF ANTON GUYARD ONCE MORE FISHING IN THE FAMILY GROUNDS DID NOTHING TO IMPROVE PAUL'S ILL TEMPER.



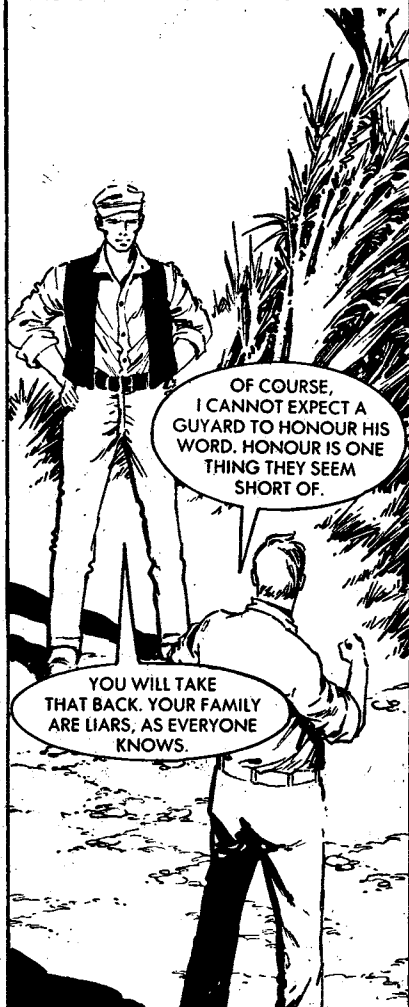
MUCH TO PAUL'S ANGER, ANTON DID NOT SEEM IN THE LEAST PERTURBED BY HIS THREAT OF INFORMING THE LOCAL GENDARME.



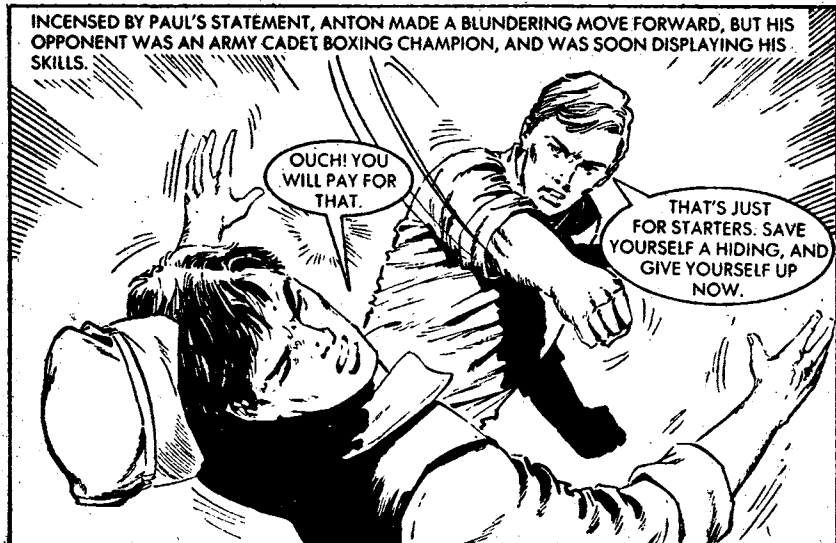
ANTON TOOK PAUL AT HIS WORD AND THEY PREPARED TO FIGHT, THE GIPSY GRINNING CONFIDENTLY ALL THE WHILE.



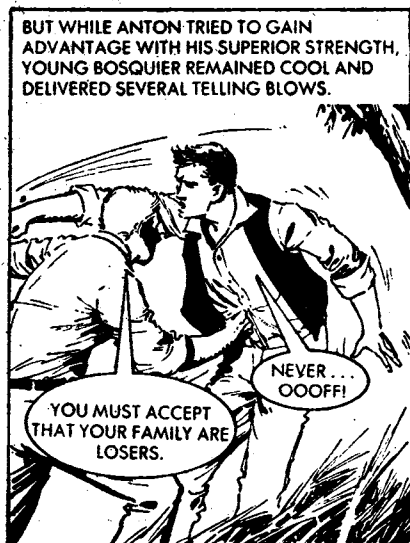
THEN PAUL MADE A JIBE THAT WIPED THE GRIN FROM ANTON'S FACE, AS HE KNEW IT WOULD. FOR BOTH FAMILIES STILL HELD AN INTENSE HATRED FOR ONE ANOTHER.



INCENSED BY PAUL'S STATEMENT, ANTON MADE A BLUNDERING MOVE FORWARD, BUT HIS OPPONENT WAS AN ARMY CADET BOXING CHAMPION, AND WAS SOON DISPLAYING HIS SKILLS.



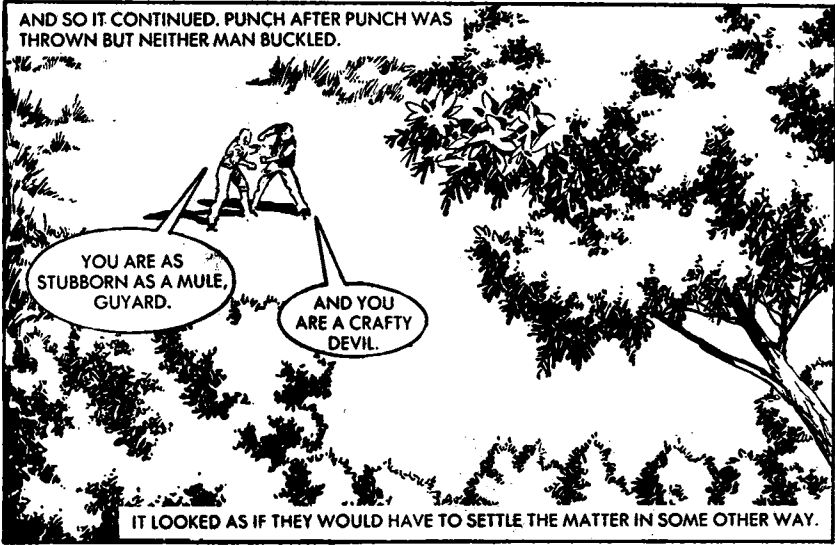
BUT WHILE ANTON TRIED TO GAIN ADVANTAGE WITH HIS SUPERIOR STRENGTH, YOUNG BOSQUIER REMAINED COOL AND DELIVERED SEVERAL TELLING BLOWS.



THEN THE TABLES WERE TURNED. ANTON FINALLY THREW A POWERFUL BLOW WHICH SHOOK PAUL ON HIS HEELS.



AND SO IT CONTINUED. PUNCH AFTER PUNCH WAS THROWN BUT NEITHER MAN BUCKLED.



YOU ARE AS STUBBORN AS A MULE, GUYARD.

AND YOU ARE A CRAFTY DEVIL.

IT LOOKED AS IF THEY WOULD HAVE TO SETTLE THE MATTER IN SOME OTHER WAY.

UNTIL, OUT OF THE BLUE, A MIGHTY SWING FROM ANTON CONNECTED FULLY WITH PAUL'S JAW. THE YOUNG BOSQUIER WAS KNOCKED COLD.



SLEEP SWEETLY, MON AMI.

WITH THAT, ANTON RETURNED TO HIS FISHING.

IT WAS ALMOST DARK WHEN PAUL CAME TO.



BUT PAUL'S REACTION WAS NOT THAT WHICH ANTON HAD EXPECTED.



THIS CERTAINLY WAS A TURN UP FOR THE BOOKS. PERHAPS THE BOSQUIERS WERE NOT AS BAD AS ANTON HAD THOUGHT.



PEACE IN FRANCE LASTED A FURTHER SIX MONTHS BEFORE THE MIGHTY FORCES OF GERMANY CAME TO BEAR UPON THE COMPARITIVELY WEAK FRENCH. THIS WAS THE BLITZKRIEG—THE NAZIS' SAVAGE ATTACK ON FRANCE.



AND ON THE GROUND THE LOOMING HULKS OF GERMAN PANZERS ROLLED ONWARD, CRUSHING EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH.

NO OPPOSITION FOR A FULL DAY NOW ...

PAUL BOSQUIER WAS NOW A LIEUTENANT, AND A COMMANDER OF A CHAR B1 TANK. BRAVELY HE AND MANY OTHER FRENCHMEN ADVANCED TO MEET THE ENEMY, DETERMINED TO WIPE THEM OUT.

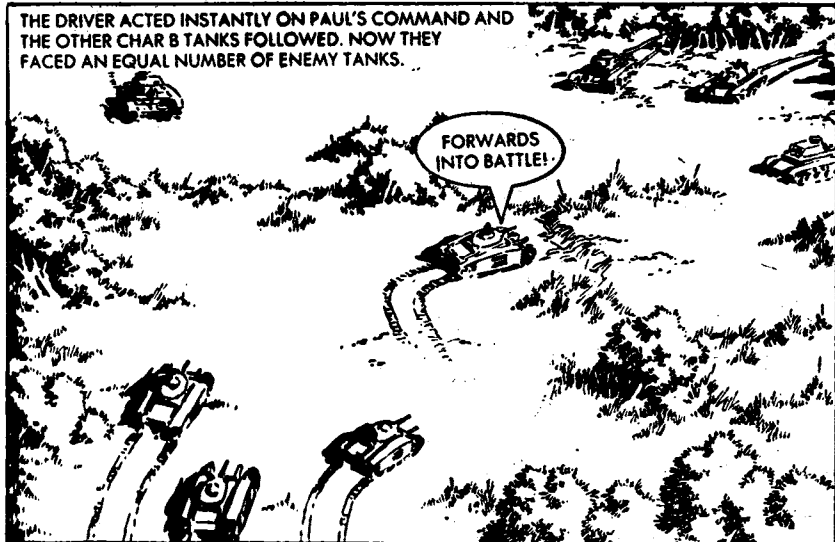


BUT THE FRENCH WERE GREATLY OUTNUMBERED. THE COURAGE OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR WAS ONCE AGAIN DISPLAYED, BUT IT WAS NO MATCH FOR THE NAZI POWER.





THE DRIVER ACTED INSTANTLY ON PAUL'S COMMAND AND THE OTHER CHAR B TANKS FOLLOWED. NOW THEY FACED AN EQUAL NUMBER OF ENEMY TANKS.



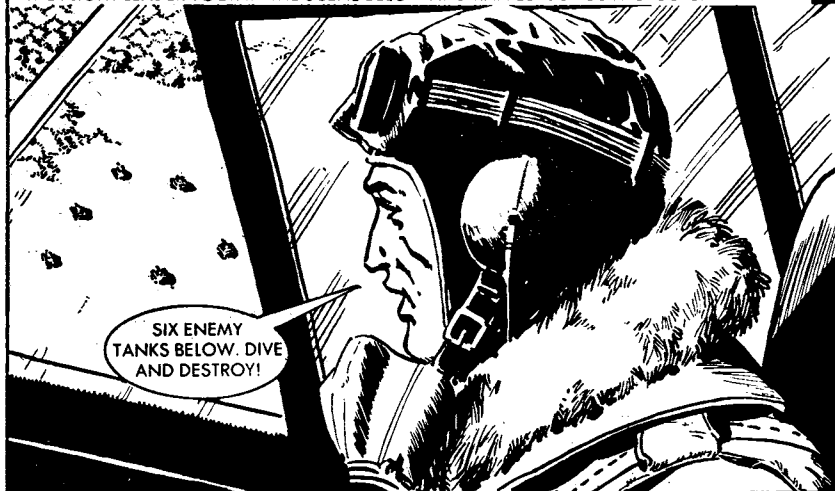
THE FRENCH GAVE AS GOOD AS THEY GOT, AND SOON THE PANZERS WERE SHROUDED IN FLAMES.



BUT THE GERMANS WERE NOT BEATEN YET. IN A LAST DETERMINED EFFORT TO WIPE OUT THE FRENCH ARMOUR, THE COMMANDER CONTACTED THE LUFTWAFFE.



WITHIN MINUTES THE STUKAS FLEW TO THE SCENE AS MORE FRENCH TANKS ALSO ARRIVED. THE FLIGHT LEADER TOOK IN THE SCENE BELOW AND RAPPED OUT CURT ORDERS.



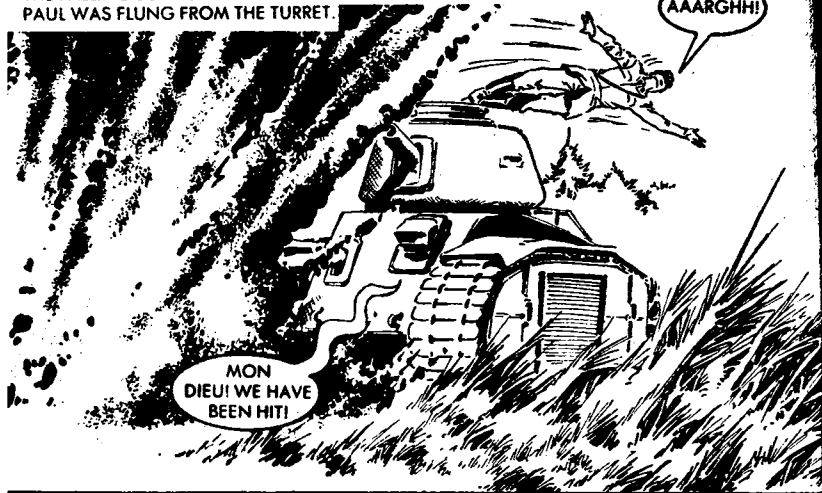
THE FAMILIAR SPINE-CHILLING SCREAM OF THE STUKA WAS HEARD ONCE AGAIN AS THE AIRCRAFT SWOOPED DOWN LIKE UGLY BIRDS OF PREY



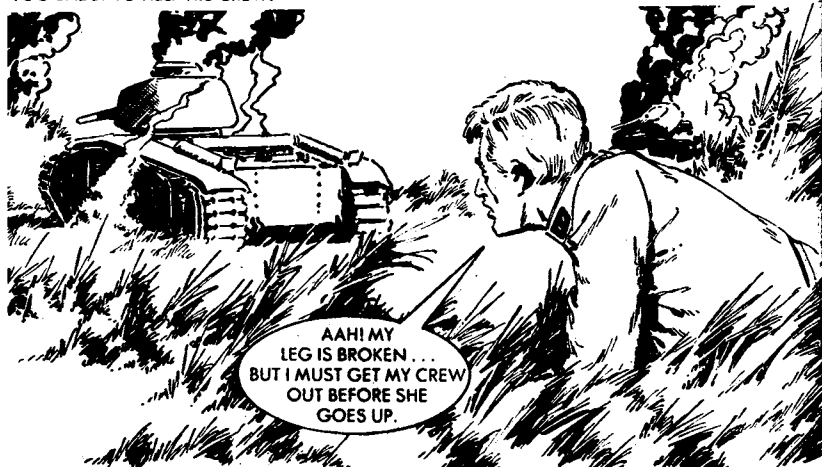
AND THE GERMANS BOMBED WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, GIVING THE FRENCH NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE



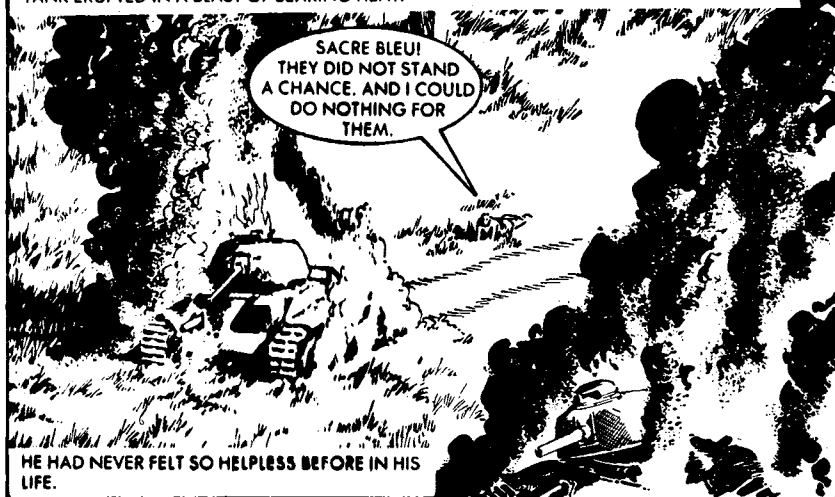
DESPERATELY PAUL BOSQUIER AND HIS CREW TRIED TO EVADE THE FALLING BOMBS—BUT TO NO AVAIL. AS ONE HIT HIS TANK, PAUL WAS FLUNG FROM THE TURRET.



IT HAD ONLY TAKEN A MATTER OF SECONDS FOR THE NAZI AIRCRAFT TO ELIMINATE THE FRENCH ARMOUR. ONLY PAUL BOSQUIER SURVIVED THE ATTACK, AND HE WAS INJURED TOO BADLY TO HELP HIS CREW.



BUT PAUL WAS IN NO CONDITION TO HELP HIS TRAPPED CREW, AND MOMENTS LATER THE TANK ERUPTED IN A BLAST OF SEARING HEAT.



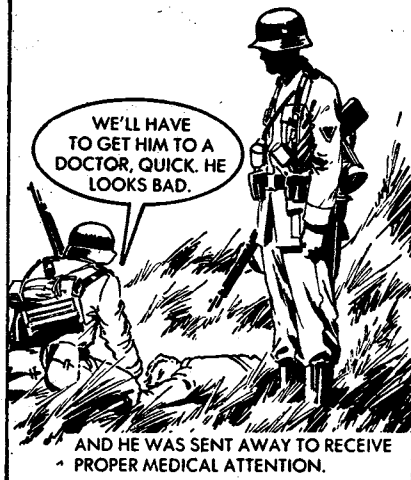
HE HAD NEVER FELT SO HELPLESS BEFORE IN HIS LIFE.

PAUL COULD ONLY STARE IN HORROR AT THE TRAGIC SCENE THAT CONFRONTED HIM.



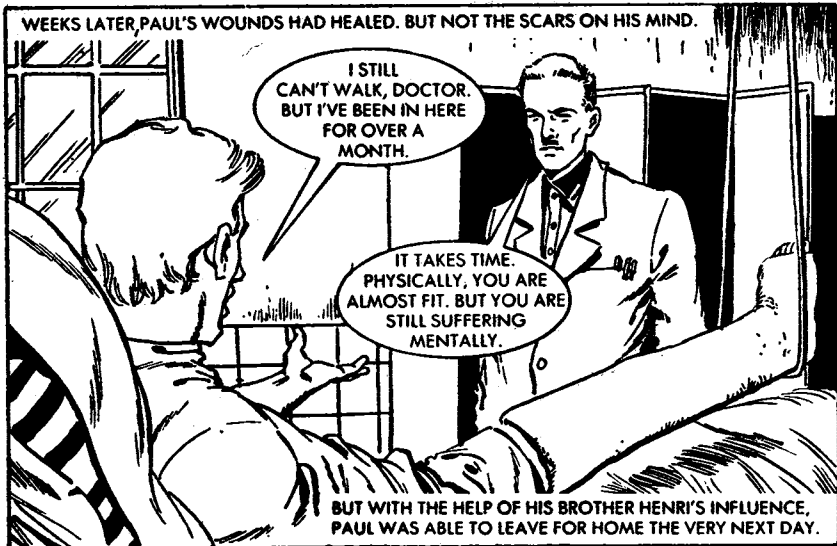
THEN HE MERCIFULLY PASSED OUT.

A PASSING GERMAN PATROL FOUND HIM, UNCONSCIOUS.

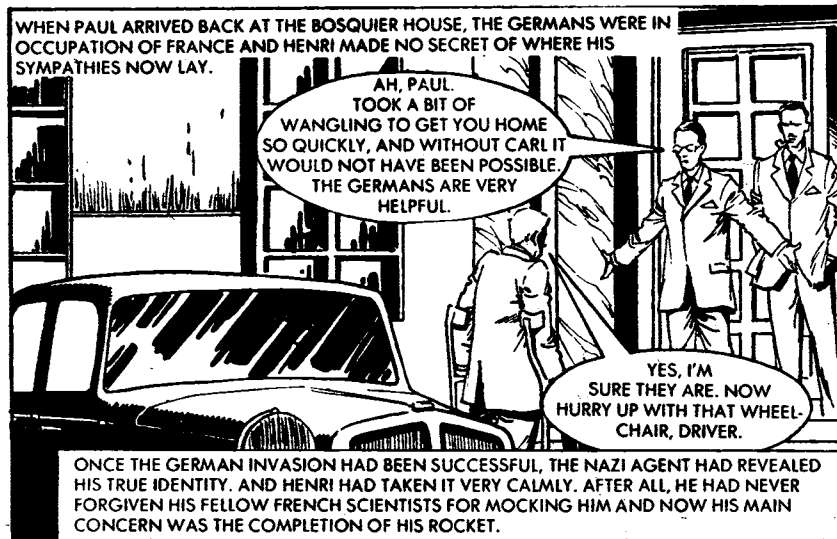


AND HE WAS SENT AWAY TO RECEIVE PROPER MEDICAL ATTENTION.

WEEKS LATER, PAUL'S WOUNDS HAD HEALED. BUT NOT THE SCARS ON HIS MIND.



WHEN PAUL ARRIVED BACK AT THE BOSQUIER HOUSE, THE GERMANS WERE IN OCCUPATION OF FRANCE AND HENRI MADE NO SECRET OF WHERE HIS SYMPATHIES NOW LAY.



PAUL SEEMED APATHETIC SINCE HIS STAY IN HOSPITAL. THIS WAS MUCH TO THE DISPLEASURE OF HENRI, AND RELIEF OF CARL BLUCHER.

WHAT IS  
WRONG WITH HIM?  
CAN HE NOT ACCEPT THAT  
GERMANY NOW RULES OVER  
THIS COUNTRY?

HE WILL IN  
TIME. BUT AT THE  
MOMENT HE IS NOT INTERESTED  
IN OUR AFFAIRS, AND THAT  
IS MOST IMPORTANT.

IMPORTANT,  
TOO, FOR HIS CONTINUED  
EXISTENCE.

THE YOUNG BOSQUIER SEEMED TO CARE FOR NOTHING NOW BUT HIS PAINTING. IT WAS HIS ONLY ESCAPE FROM THE GRIM REALITIES OF WAR.

IT IS GOOD  
TO GET AWAY FROM  
THE FIGHTING

MEANWHILE, CARL BLUCHER AND HENRI WORKED ON THE GROUND-TO-AIR MISSILE, AND THEY WERE MAKING PROGRESS.

EXCELLENT.  
IT SHOULD BE COMPLETED  
IN THREE DAYS.

AND THEN OUR  
WORK WILL BE PUT TO  
THE TEST.

BUT ALLIED INTELLIGENCE HAD ALSO HEARD OF HENRI BOSQUIER'S ROCKET AND THE FACT HE WAS WORKING FOR THE GERMANS. IT WAS DECIDED TO TRY TO KIDNAP HIM AND THE MAN CHOSEN TO LEAD THE RAID WAS LIEUTENANT FRANK BROOME, AN EXPERIENCED SOLDIER WHO SPOKE FLUENT FRENCH. HE WOULD PARACHUTE INTO THE AREA WITH A CAREFULLY-CHOSEN TEAM . . .

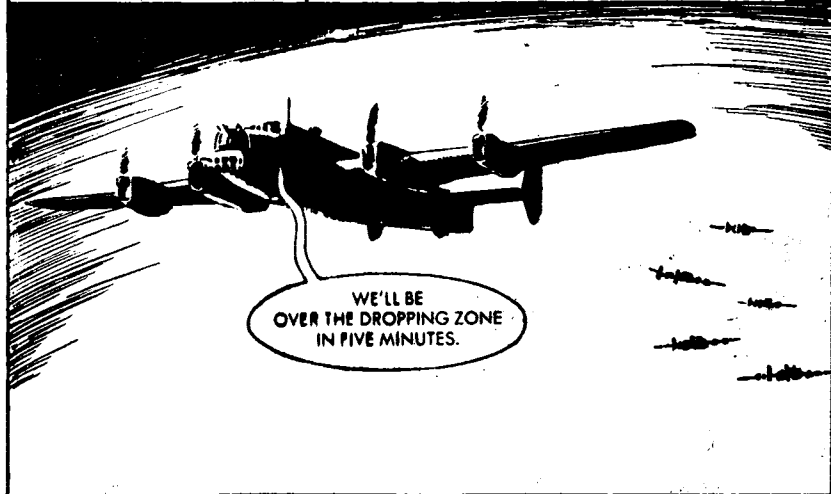


BUT AS THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER EXPLAINED, BOSQUIER WOULD BE FAR FROM WILLING TO ESCAPE FROM FRANCE. IT LOOKED LIKE BEING A VERY TOUGH MISSION INDEED.

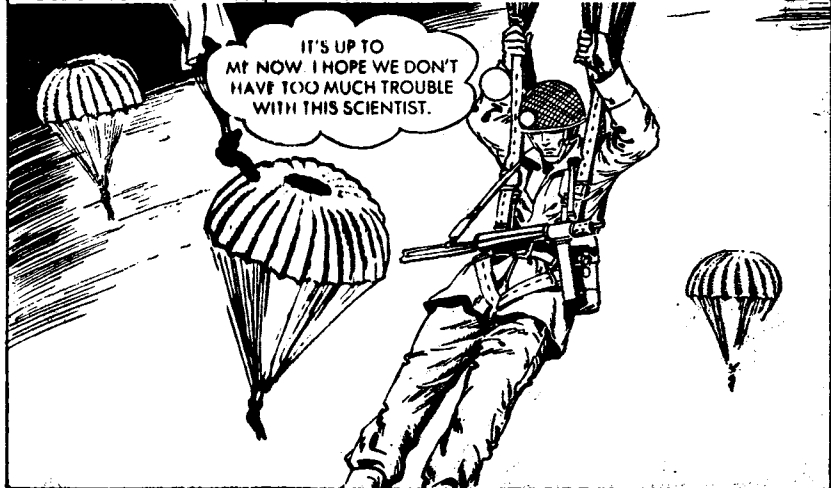




AND SO, ONE WEEK LATER, UNDER COVER OF A NORMAL BOMBING RAID, FRANK BROOME AND HIS FIVE MAN TEAM WERE FLOWN IN TO THEIR DESTINATION.



THE FIRST PART OF THEIR VITAL MISSION WAS OVER. FRANK FLOATED DOWN, HAVING ONLY THE SLIGHTEST KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT LAY AHEAD.



BUT THEN DISASTER STRUCK. A GERMAN PATROL HAD BEEN ON EXERCISE IN THE AREA, AND THE BRITISH TROOPS WERE SPOTTED BEFORE THEY COULD LAND.



THE FIRST THEY KNEW OF THE WAITING NAZI TROOPS WAS WHEN A HAIL OF BULLETS RUTHLESSLY CUT THEM DOWN.

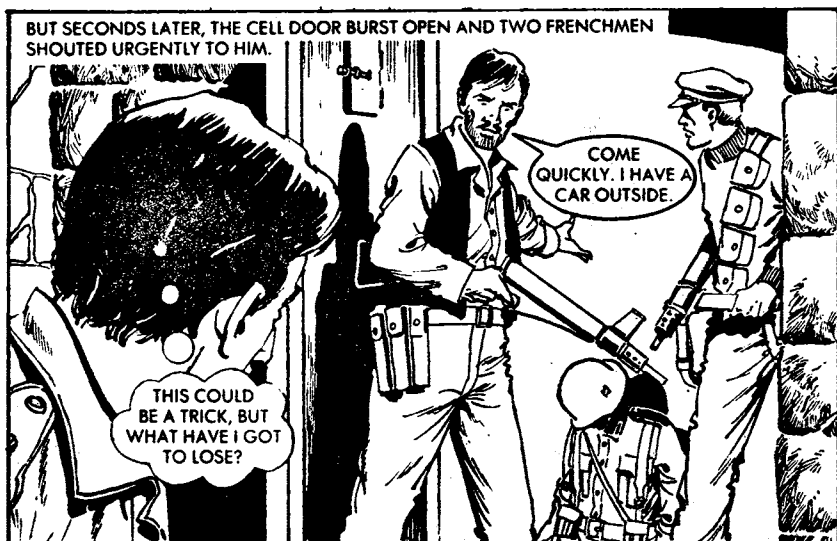
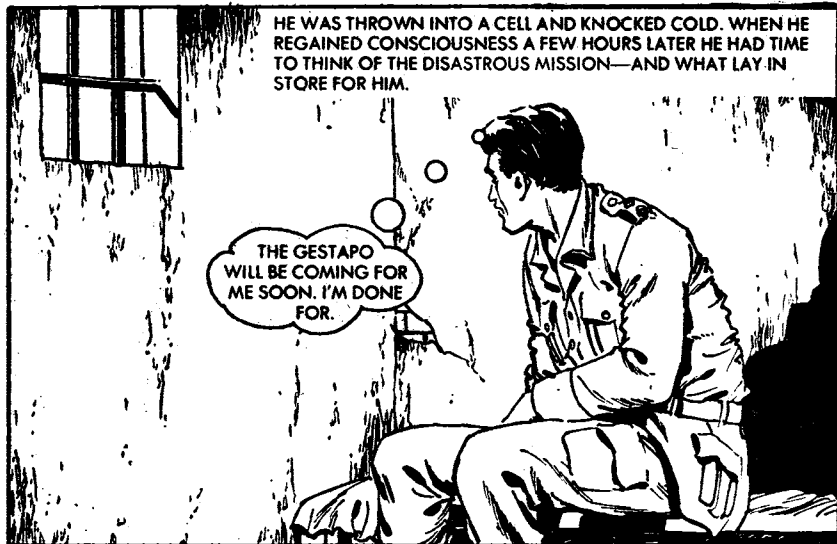


FRANK HAD LANDED FIRST BUT LUCKILY HE HAD MANAGED TO AVOID THE GERMAN FIRE. AND NOW AS HIS MEN DIED ALL AROUND HIM, HE FIRED OFF A DEFIANT BURST AT THE ATTACKERS.



THEN HIS MAGAZINE EMPTIED AND THE GERMANS CLOSED IN. BUT AS THEIR FINGERS TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGERS AN OFFICER APPROACHED AND BARKED OUT AN ORDER.

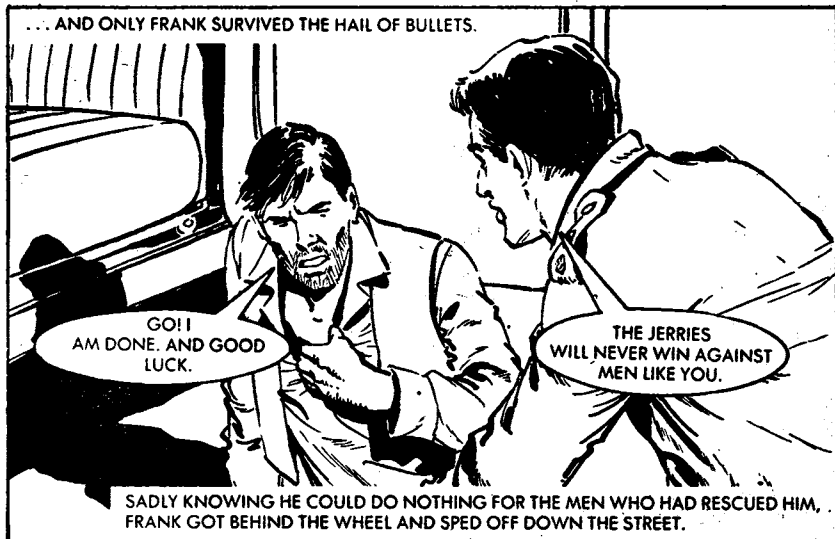




HOWEVER, IT SOON BECAME EVIDENT THAT THIS WAS NO TRICK. FOR OUTSIDE A CAR WAS WAITING, READY TO SPEED FRANK ON HIS WAY. BUT BEFORE THEY COULD GET AWAY MORE GERMANS ARRIVED.



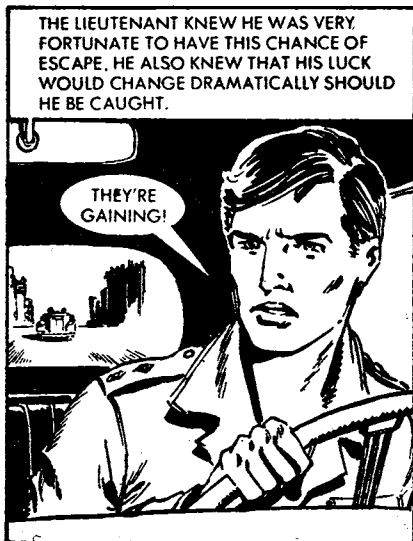
... AND ONLY FRANK SURVIVED THE HAIL OF BULLETS.



FRANK HAD LEFT NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON. SECONDS AFTER HIS DEPARTURE THE GESTAPO ARRIVED.



THE LIEUTENANT KNEW HE WAS VERY FORTUNATE TO HAVE THIS CHANCE OF ESCAPE. HE ALSO KNEW THAT HIS LUCK WOULD CHANGE DRAMATICALLY SHOULD HE BE CAUGHT.



HIS CONSIDERABLE DRIVING SKILL HELPED TO INCREASE THE GAP BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE PURSUING GESTAPO CAR.



BUT THEN FRANK'S CAR HAD A BLOW-OUT,  
AND FRANTICALLY HE TRIED TO KEEP IT ON THE  
ROAD.

BLAST IT!  
THE TYRE'S GONE. SHE'S  
OUT OF CONTROL.

IRONICALLY, FRANK'S BLOW-OUT HAD HAPPENED  
CLOSE TO THE GROUNDS OF THE BOSQUIER  
HOUSE. PAUL, ENJOYING A REST IN THE SUN,  
WAS STARTLED TO SEE A CAR HEADING  
TOWARDS DESTRUCTION.

SACRE BLEU!  
IT IS GOING TO HIT  
THE TREES!



PAUL COULD ONLY LOOK ON, HORRIFIED, AS THE CAR CRASHED HEADLONG INTO A TREE. AND TO ADD TO HIS HORROR THE FIRST FINGERS OF FLAMES BEGAN TO LICK AROUND THE BONNET.



AS FRANK SLUMPED UNCONSCIOUS IN THE CAR, FLAMES FLICKERING CLOSER TO HIM, PAUL RELIVED HIS NIGHTMARE. AGAIN HE COULD HEAR THE HOWL OF THE STUKAS, THE CRASH OF THE BOMBS AND THE CRACKLING FLAMES.





THEN AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED. PAUL WAS ABLE TO WALK. THE PLIGHT OF THAT MAN TRAPPED IN THE CAR HAD GIVEN HIM SUPREME STRENGTH AND COURAGE.



SOMEHOW PAUL REACHED THE CAR. HE DRAGGED FRANK CLEAR OF THE WRECKED VEHICLE MOMENTS BEFORE IT BECAME A PYRE OF SMOKE AND FLAMES.



AND SURE ENOUGH, A TUMULTUOUS EXPLOSION SHATTERED THE STILL MORNING, AND TINY PIECES OF METAL SHOWERED THE SURROUNDING AREA. PAUL AND FRANK DIVED TO THE GROUND JUST IN TIME.



BY THE TIME THE GESTAPO CAR ARRIVED, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF FRANK. PAUL WAS BACK IN HIS WHEEL-CHAIR AND HE WAS ABLE TO SUPPLY ANSWERS TO THE NAZIS' QUESTIONS.



THE GESTAPO WERE SUSPICIOUS OF PAUL, BUT KNOWING HIS BROTHER'S IMPORTANCE, THEY DECIDED NOT TO QUESTION HIM FURTHER.



MEANWHILE FRANK, HIDING IN THE UNDER-GROWTH ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY, WAS RELIEVED TO SEE THE GESTAPO LEAVE.



PAUL ISSUED CLIPPED INSTRUCTIONS—



THE GESTAPO WERE GONE, BUT PAUL DID NOT WANT TO TAKE ANY UNNECESSARY RISKS.

STAY HIDDEN  
FOR ANOTHER FEW MINUTES.  
THEY COULD STILL BE  
AROUND...

WHATEVER  
YOU SAY...

IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT THE FULL REALISATION OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED HIT PAUL. HE HAD WALKED, A FACT THAT WAS CONTRARY TO THE DOCTOR'S BELIEF ONLY DAYS EARLIER.

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT. I WALKED  
... I ACTUALLY WALKED. AND THEY  
SAID I WOULDN'T WALK  
FOR MONTHS.

WELL, MATE,  
YOU PICKED THE RIGHT  
TIME TO START. I OWE  
YOU MY LIFE.

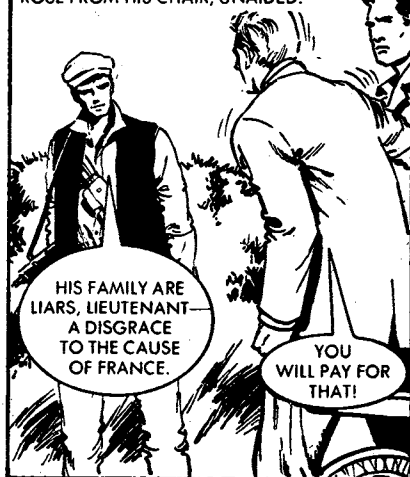
BUT THERE WAS A SHOCK IN STORE FOR PAUL MOMENTS LATER WHEN TWO MEMBERS OF THE LOCAL RESISTANCE ARRIVED. OBVIOUSLY THE CRASHING CAR HAD ALERTED THEM . . .



ANTON'S TONE WAS SCATHING,  
BRINGING A FLUSH OF ANGER  
TO PAUL'S CHEEKS.



FILLED WITH RAGE, PAUL WAS UNAWARE  
THAT FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT DAY HE  
ROSE FROM HIS CHAIR, UNAIDED.



BUT ANTON HAD GOOD REASON TO ANGER PAUL. HE HAD KNOWN ABOUT THE ACCIDENT, AND ALSO KNEW THE BEST WAY TO GET THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT ON HIS FEET AGAIN.

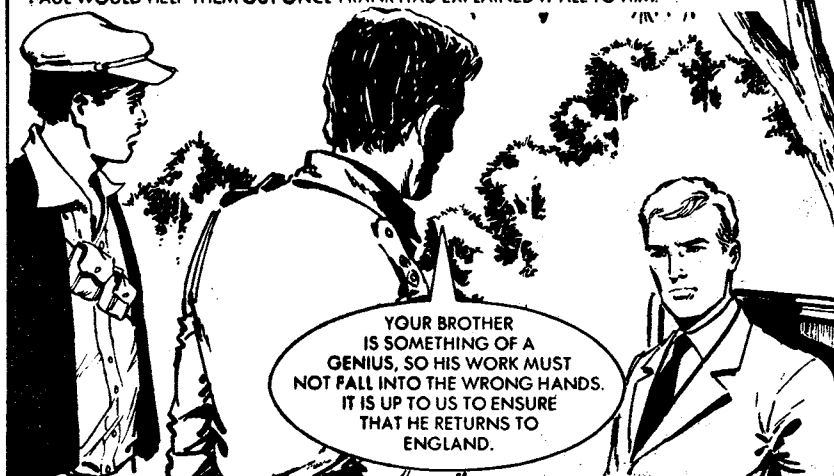


THE ANGER TURNED TO A WIDE GRIN AS PAUL REALISED ANTON HAD DELIBERATELY GOADED HIM TO MAKE HIM USE HIS LEGS AGAIN AND GIVE HIM MORE CONFIDENCE.

AS PAUL SLUMPED BACK CHEERFULLY INTO THE CHAIR TO REST HIS TREMBLING LEGS, ANTON TURNED TO FRANK AND EXPLAINED THAT THE GERMAN PATROL WHO'D AMBUSHED THE PARATROOPERS HAD BEEN OUT HUNTING TWO RESISTANCE MEN.

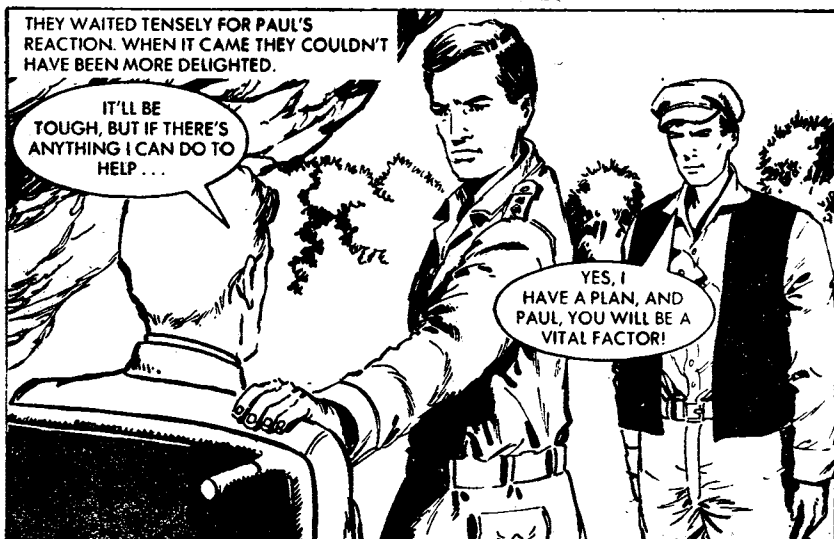


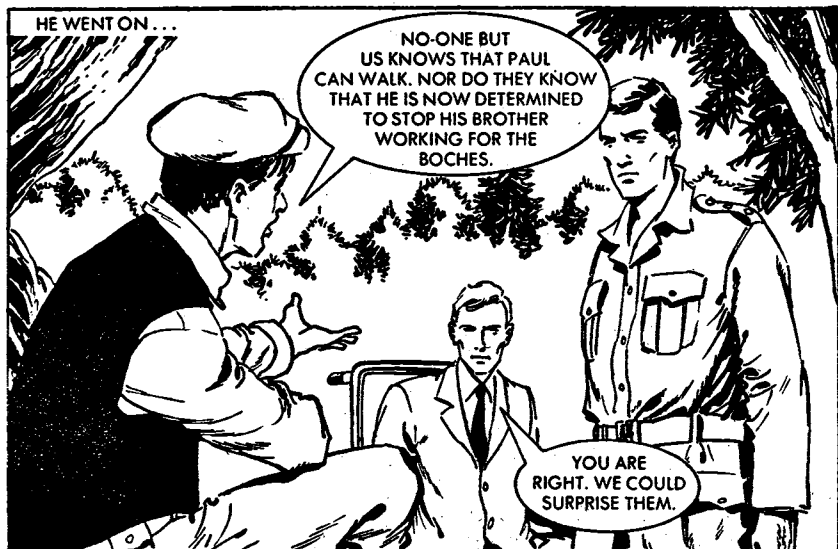
ANTON DID KNOW OF THE MISSION. IT WAS HE WHO WOULD HAVE HIDDEN FRANK'S MEN HAD THE RAID GONE EXACTLY AS PLANNED. BUT ALL WAS NOT LOST YET, IF PAUL WOULD HELP THEM OUT ONCE FRANK HAD EXPLAINED IT ALL TO HIM.



THEY WAITED TENSELY FOR PAUL'S REACTION. WHEN IT CAME THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE DELIGHTED.

IT'LL BE TOUGH, BUT IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP...







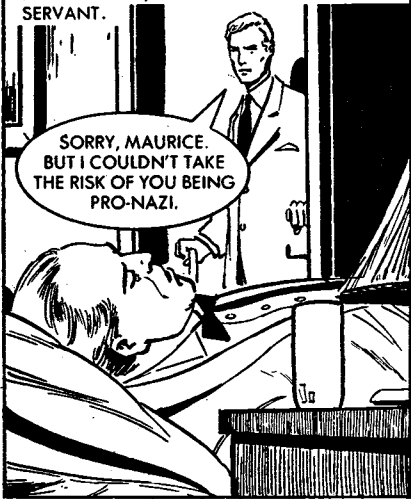
PAUL RETURNED TO THE HOUSE AND PREPARED TO PUT HIS PART OF THE PLAN INTO ACTION.



AND WHEN THE SERVANT BROUGHT THE SOLDIERS THEIR COFFEE, PAUL ACCOMPANIED HIM—TO ENSURE THAT NOTHING WENT WRONG.



BUT PAUL LEFT NOTHING TO CHANCE. BACK AT THE HOUSE, HE EVEN DRUGGED THE SERVANT.

A black and white comic panel showing a man in a suit (Paul) standing over a man lying in a bed. The man in bed is looking up at Paul. There is a small table with a glass on it between them.


SORRY, MAURICE.  
BUT I COULDN'T TAKE  
THE RISK OF YOU BEING  
PRO-NAZI.

HE RETURNED TO THE KITCHEN TO SEE THE SIX GUARDS DEAD TO THE WORLD.

A black and white comic panel showing Paul from behind, looking into a kitchen. In the background, several figures are slumped over tables, apparently unconscious. Shelves with various items are visible on the wall.

SLEEP WELL,  
GENTLEMEN.

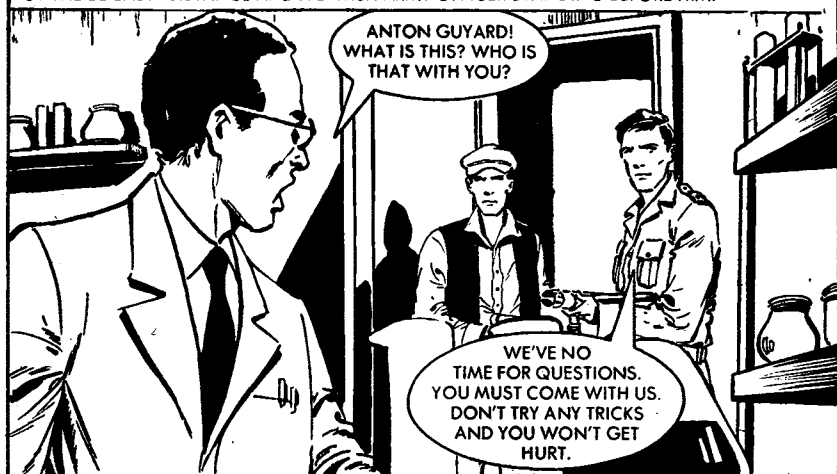
NOW IT WAS TIME FOR PART TWO TO GO INTO OPERATION. PAUL OPENED A GROUND-FLOOR WINDOW AND FRANK AND ANTON CLIMBED IN, READY FOR ACTION.

A black and white comic panel showing three men in a room. Paul, in a suit, stands on the left. Frank, in a cap and jacket, is in the center, gesturing towards the right. Anton, in a jacket, is on the right, looking towards the center. A window with curtains is on the far right.

ALL'S QUIET  
HERE. THE GUARDS  
ARE SLEEPING LIKE  
BABIES.

YOU HAVE  
DONE WELL, MON AMI.  
SHOW US THE WAY TO YOUR  
BROTHER'S UNDERGROUND  
LAB.

PAUL GAVE THEM DIRECTIONS AND THEN STAYED UPSTAIRS TO WARN OF ANY NEW DANGER. SECONDS LATER, HENRI BOSQUIER COULD NOT BELIEVE HIS EYES WHEN HE SAW THE LEADER OF THE LOCAL RESISTANCE AND A BRITISH ARMY OFFICER STANDING BEFORE HIM.



CASUALLY HENRI MOVED TO HIS DESK. HE HAD NO INTENTION OF LEAVING, AND DISGUISED THE FACT WELL.



BUT AS HE RUMMAGED AROUND FOR HIS NOTES, HIS FOOT FOUND THE SMALL ALARM BUTTON, CONCEALED ON THE FLOOR NEAR THE DESK.



AND A BELL RANG IN THE NEXT ROOM...

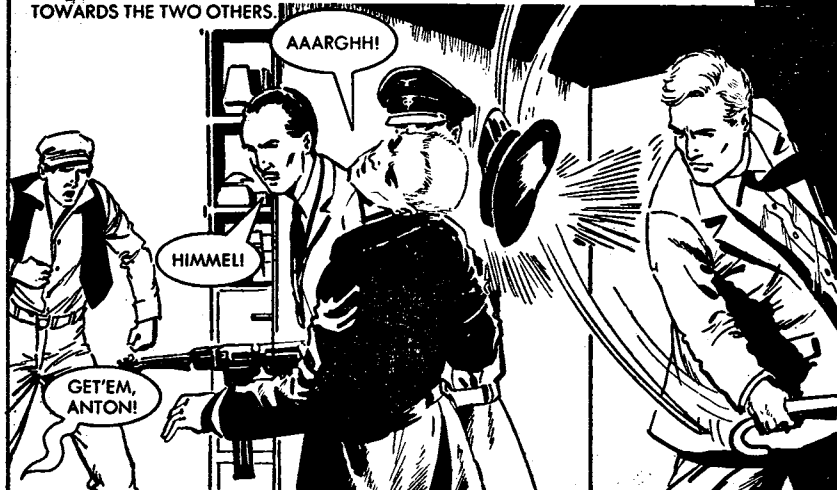
... AND THAT BELL ALERTED BLUCHER AND TWO GESTAPO MEN WHO ARRIVED AT ONCE, CATCHING BOTH ANTON AND FRANK COMPLETELY OFF GUARD. UNFORTUNATELY PAUL HAD KNOWN NOTHING OF THIS SET-UP.



THE DELAY HAD WORRIED PAUL AND HE DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE. OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY DOOR HE HEARD A VOICE HE RECOGNISED AND IMMEDIATELY GUESSED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG.



PAUL ACTED FAST, KNOCKING DOWN ONE OF THE GESTAPO MEN WITH A FIERCE BLOW FROM HIS CANE. FRANK AND ANTON SAW THEIR CHANCE AND DIVED TOWARDS THE TWO OTHERS.



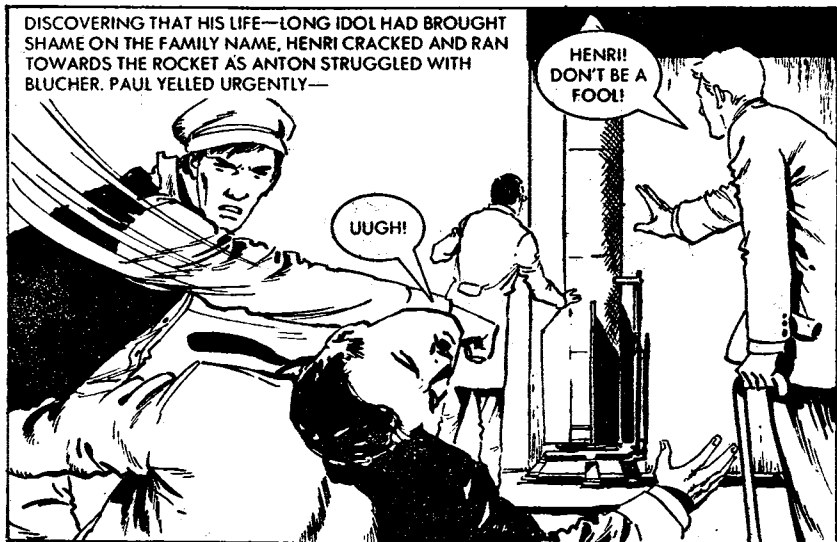
HENRI TRIED VAINLY TO ESCAPE BUT ONLY BECAME CAUGHT UP IN THE STRUGGLE. HOWEVER, FATE STILL HAD TO TAKE ITS HAND, AND AS HE CRASHED AGAINST THE OLD WRITING DESK A SECRET DRAWER FLEW OUT—WITH THE LETTER WRITTEN BY THE COLONEL MANY YEARS BEFORE.

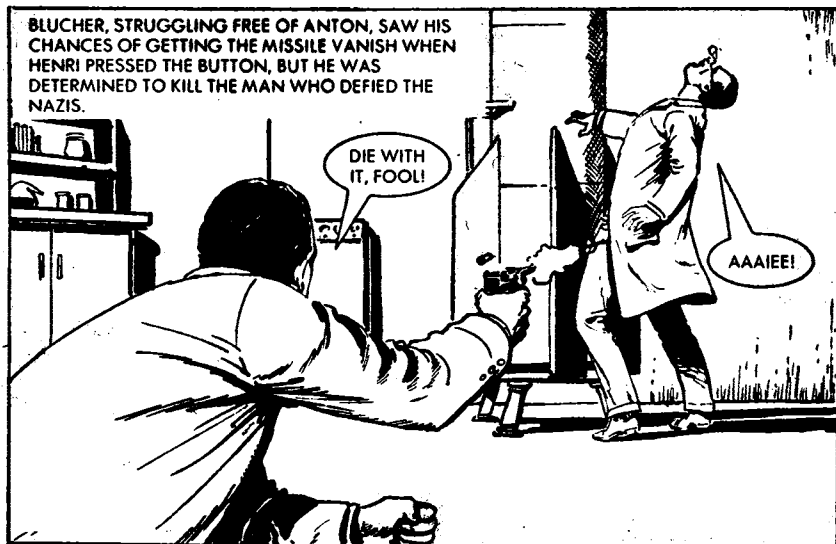
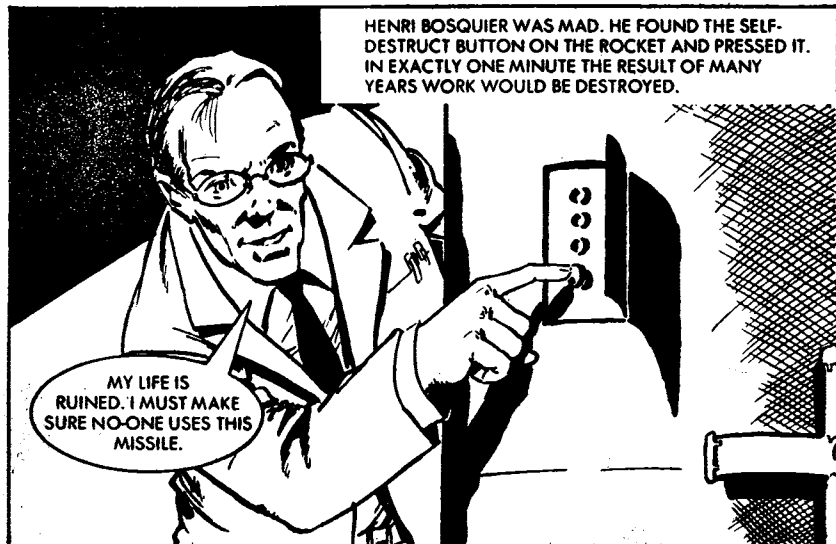


EVEN IN ALL THAT CONFUSION, THE SIGHT OF HIS UNCLE'S HAND-WRITING WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE HENRI FORGET ALL ELSE. READING THE LETTER, HE GASPED, NOT BELIEVING THAT THE COLONEL, WHOM HE HAD HEARD OF AND GREATLY ADMIRED, WOULD HAVE DONE SUCH A THING.

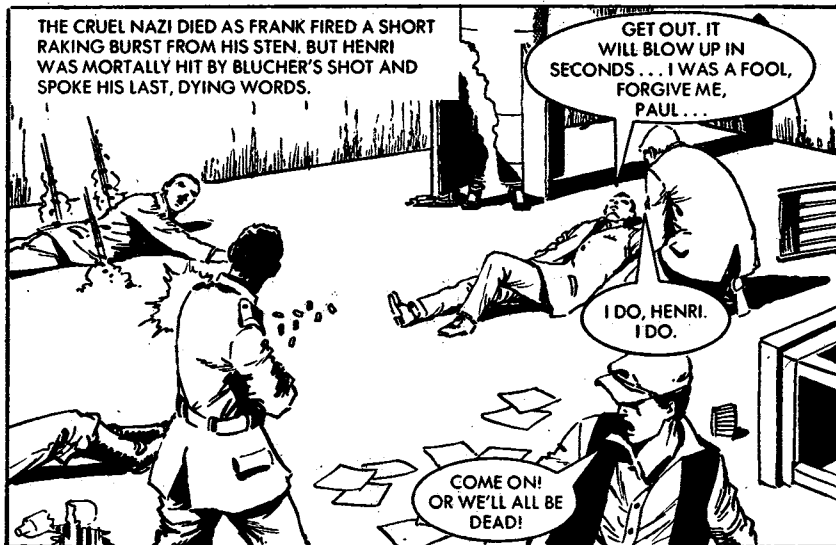


DISCOVERING THAT HIS LIFE—LONG IDOL HAD BROUGHT SHAME ON THE FAMILY NAME, HENRI CRACKED AND RAN TOWARDS THE ROCKET AS ANTON STRUGGLED WITH BLUCHER. PAUL YELLED URGENTLY—





THE CRUEL NAZI DIED AS FRANK FIRED A SHORT RAGING BURST FROM HIS STEN. BUT HENRI WAS MORTALLY HIT BY BLUCHER'S SHOT AND SPOKE HIS LAST, DYING WORDS.



AND SO, FRANK BROOME'S MISSION HAD NOT BEEN A FAILURE. THE ROCKET HAD BEEN DESTROYED, AND WITH IT A GENIUS WHO HAD LEARNED HIS MISTAKE TOO LATE.





THE BOSQUIER HOUSE WAS DESTROYED, TAKING WITH IT THE LETTER THE COLONEL HAD WRITTEN ALL THOSE YEARS AGO. BUT NO MORE WOULD THE TWO FAMILIES FEEL HATRED FOR EACH OTHER. HERE WERE TWO MEN WHO HAD DISPELLED THE GUILT AND COWARDICE AND REPLACED THEM WITH HONOUR AND COURAGE.



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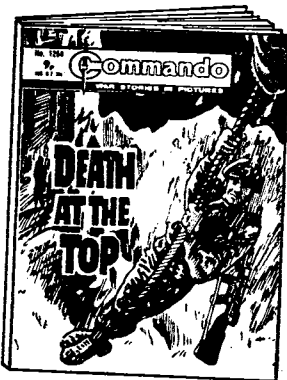
**" REVENGE "**  
**" DOGS OF THE DESERT "**

# ***FAST and FURIOUS***

**- THAT'S THE ACTION IN**

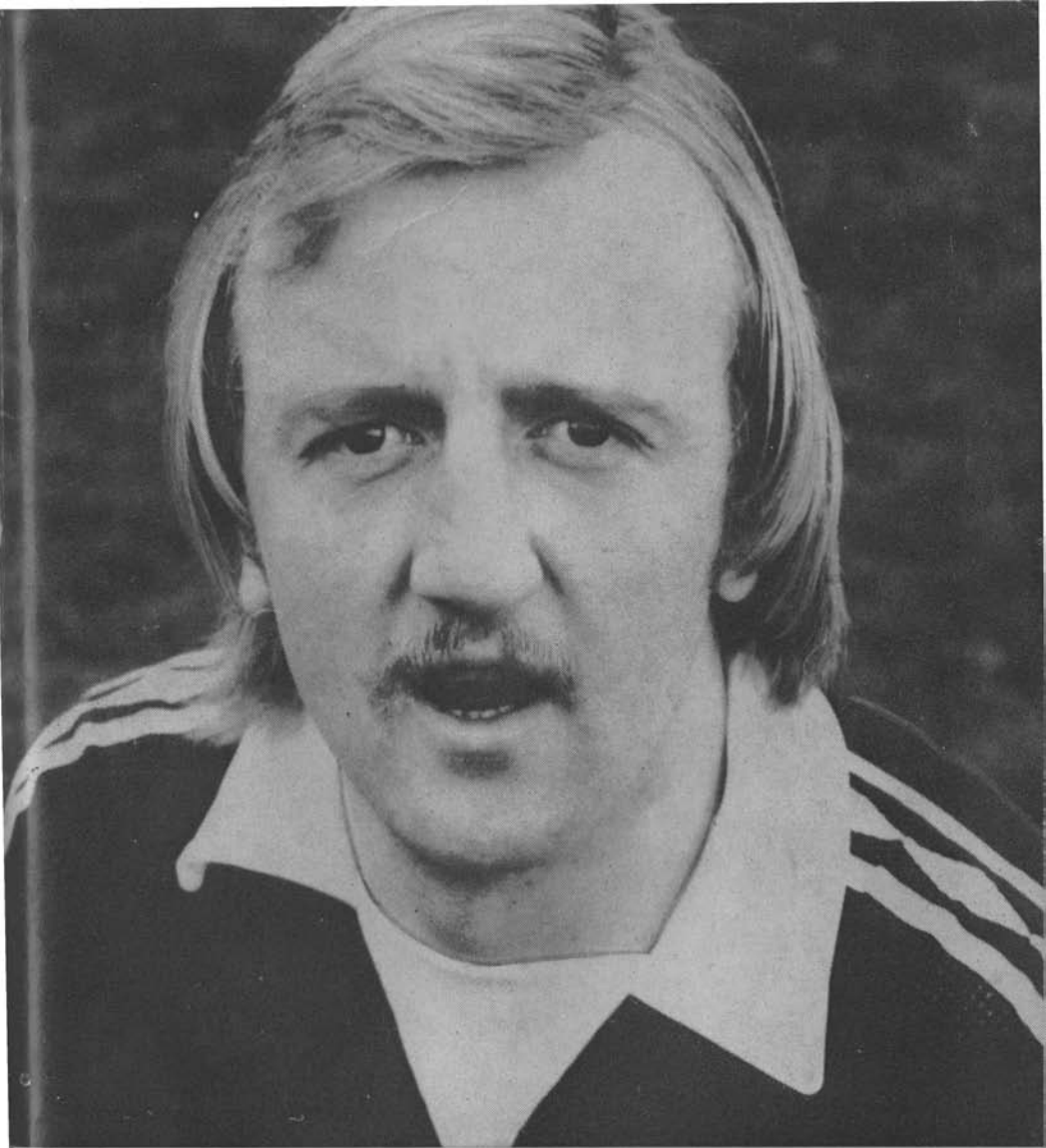
## **Commando**

**THERE'S  
EXCITEMENT  
GALORE  
IN THESE  
FOUR GREAT  
BOOKS!**



***You've  
got one -  
now go  
get the  
OTHER  
THREE!***






Stars of Soccer—Kenny Burns

# COURAGE COMES FIRST

**T**HE French fought valiantly in the Second World War when the mighty Nazi war-machine rolled over their country. And Paul Bosquier was one of those men who battled bravely, risking his life time after time.

Then disaster struck. He was hurled from the turret of his tank, badly injured. It was clear that he would have no further part to play in the war.

At least that's what everyone thought. Everyone except Paul Bosquier. His war was not over yet, not by a long way.

 **Commando**

